A Job for a Ioyner

OR

A good Workman well imploy'd,

This Maid must have a workman come in hast
Because she could not live no longer chast,
And John the Joyner is the *Man* must do
Her Job and make the bed go Jigg a Jog go

Tune of, Over the water, fain I would pass, or Jig a Jog-goo, &c.

COme and attend young Virgins all
A Country Damsel caught a fall
And so perhaps may one of you
When you make your bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

But yet such falls so harmless are
Breaking of Bones you need not fear
When e're you try you'l find it true,
If you make the bed go Jigg a Jog-goo.

Then mark me well and you shall hear
A pritty Story in your Ear,
Which I lay open to your view,
O'th bed was made to go Jigg a Jog-goo,

There was a Maid came out of Kent
And to be rich was her intent,
A Joyners Job she had to do
To make her bed go Jigg a Jog-goo.

O'the hearing of a lusty Lad
Who was a workman of his Trade
She sent him word to come and view
And make her bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Quoth she sweet John make hast to me
And fear not but we will agree,
I ever to thee will prove true
If thou makes my bed to go Jigg a Jog-goo.

John streitway like an honest man
Packt up his tools and went to Nan,
He ask'd for the Maid had a Job to do
To make her bed go Jigg a Jog-goo.

Nan heard his voice and down she came
Her workman for to entertain,
She smiling said O is it you
Can make my bed go Jigg a Jog-goo.

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YOu are the only man (this said)
that can do women's work a Maid,
Dick then what you have to do
And make my bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Don't like a workman here's my hand
I Nan will be at thy command,
And to my promise I'le be true
If thou makes my bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Nan hasting gave her hand to John
Mistake me not this I do mean,
I long to put it on
To make thy bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Then reply'd young master Nan
I'd have it done as soon as you can,
With Roses I my bed will strew
If thou mak'st it to go Jigg a Jog goo.

Quoth John, rare tools I with me brought
My kinde in this kin hath wrought,
For many a Maid to me did sue
To make their beds go Jigg a Jog goo.

We're fear but I have learn'd my trade
I know well how to please a Maid,
And sure I'le please thee e're I go
And make thy bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Then John unto his work did fall
And Nan she play'd at Uptails all,
He neatly did his business do
And made her bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Nan commended John for his Art
And John thankt Nan with all his heart
They both were pleas'd with what you know
For he made the bed go Jigg a Jog goo.

Her Father she came full of wrath,
How Daughter why would you do so
Both this with mockery agree
To make your bed go Jigg a Jog gee.

Had you acted with me no doubt
I might have found a workman out
Then had done as well as he
To make your bed go Jigg a Jogg gee.

Then replyed her Daughter Nan
Mother this is the onely Man,
I had a mind that none but he
Should make my bed go Jigg a Jog gee.

The old rings of this workmans frame
And John the Inventer is his Name,
He did it well as well might be
And made my bed go Jigg a Jog gee.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere,* and *J. Wright.*